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AND BYSTANDER / VOLUME 253 / NUMBER 3286

EDITOR
JOHN OLIVER


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IN NEXT WEEK'S TATLER: a village goes medieval, by Richard Swayne and Peter Carvell; in Fashion, Unity Barnes looks at the London Collections



Pipe Major Iain McLeod of the Edinburgh City Police Pipe Band in full dress uniform with the tartan of the ill-fated Prince Charles Edward Stuart—the hunted hero of the '45—plays one of the tunes of glory against the vast but mellow-tinted pile of Neidpath Castle on the banks of Tweed near Peebles. Neidpath, the property of the Earl of Wemyss, is no longer lived in, but a good many of the keeps and castles in Lowland and Border Scotland are still family homes: turn to page 350 for Don Kidman's pictures. The social section in this week's Scottish number of the Tatler is devoted to affairs north of the Border. Fashion records what's new in tweeds and knitwear, page 356 onwards and Counterspy lists shops in London that stock Scottish goods on page 364

Postage: Inland, 4½d. Foreign, 8d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Subscription rates: Great Britain and Eire: 52 issues plus Christmas number, £7 14s.; 26 issues plus Christmas number, £3 19s.; without Christmas number, £3 15s.; 13 issues (no extras), £1 18s. Canada: 52 issues plus Christmas number, £8 10s.; 26 issues plus Christmas number, £4 7s.; without Christmas number, £4 3s.; 13 issues (no extras), £2 1s. 6d. Elsewhere abroad: 52 issues plus Christmas number, £8 10s.; 26 issues plus Christmas number, £4 7s.; without Christmas number, £4 3s.; 13 issues (no extras), £2 1s. 6d. U.S.A. (residents): 52 issues plus Christmas number, \$24.00; 26 issues plus Christmas number, \$13.00; without, \$12.00; 13 issues (no extras), \$6.00. © 1964 Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., 13 John Adam Street, London W.C.2 (TRAFalgar 7020)



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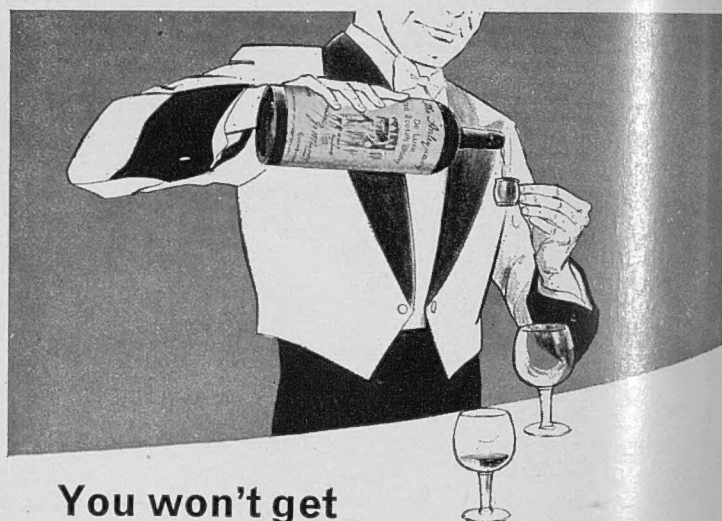
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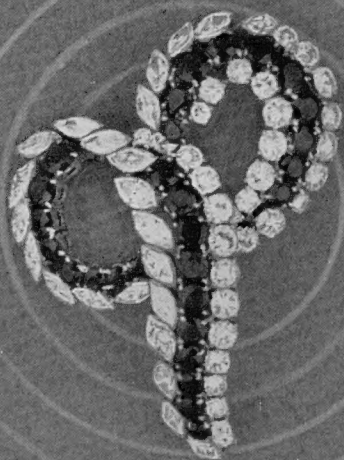
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GOING PLACES

IN SCOTLAND

Edinburgh Festival. Usher Hall. Orchestre National de la RTF, tonight; Rostropovich & Richter, 20; Gaelic Concert, 21; L.S.O., 22, 23, 24; English Chamber Orchestra and Rudolf Serkin, 25, 26 August. **Leith Town Hall:** Bream Consort, 20; Irmgard Seefried, 21; Berlioz and Donizetti choral works, 22; Music and poetry of Scotland, 25 August. **Freemasons Hall:** Oromonte String Trio, 21; Janacek String Quartet, 24, 26 August; **King's Theatre:** Prague Opera, 7 p.m. daily; **Lyceum Theatre:** John Wilson in *Hamp*, today, 20, 21, 22; Bristol Old Vic, 24-29 August; **Assembly Hall:** Theatre Workshop in *Henry IV*, daily; **Gateway Theatre:** Edinburgh Gateway Company in *The Golden Legend of Shults*, daily, Lennox Milne in *The Heart Is Highland*, 20, 21, 25 August;

Castle: Military Tattoo nightly.

Sunday performances at Usher Hall only.

Arbroath Abbey Pageant, 22-26 August.

Scottish Festival of Music and Dancing. Braemar, 25 August, 1, 8, 15, 22 September.

Royal Scottish Academy Festival Exhibition, Edinburgh, to 13 September.

Shakespeare Exhibition, Edinburgh, to 5 September.

Edinburgh Horse Show, 21, 22 August.

Golf: Pringle Professional Tournament, Carnoustie, to 22 August.

Sailing: National Shearwater championships, Largs, Ayrshire, 23-28 August.

Tennis: Scottish Hard Courts championships, St. Andrews, to 22 August.

Highland Games: Skye, Portree, 20; Lonarch, Strathdon, Aberdeenshire, 22; Cowall, Dunoon, Argyll, 28 August.

Royal Highland Gathering, Braemar, 10 September.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Windsor, York, today and 20; Lingfield Park, 21, 22; Newmarket, Worcester, Ripon, 22; Warwick, 24; Folkestone, 25; Brighton, Yarmouth, Beverley, 26, 27 August. **Steeple-chasing:** Haldon, today and 20; Sedgefield, 22; Newton Abbot, 26, 27, Fakenham, 29 August.

CRICKET

President of M.C.C.'s XI v. Australians, Lord's, to 21 August.

POLO

Taunton Tournament, 20-30 August.

Cirencester Tournament, 26-30 August.

MUSICAL

Victoria and Albert Museum. Philomusica, cond. Malcolm, 7.30 p.m., 24 August. (PRI 7142.)

City of London Band Concerts, on the steps of St. Pauls. 12-2 p.m. R.A.F. Central Band, 20; Irish Guards, 27 August.

Orchestre Nationale de la Radio-Diffusion Française, Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 23 August.

ART

Hittite Art, Royal Academy, to 6 September.

William Blake, Tate Gallery, to 6 September.

Britain in watercolours, F.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., to 29 August.

Constance Ramsay, W. E. Gardiner, paintings, Michelham Priory Great Barn, near Eastbourne, to 6 September.

Drue Bowett, paintings, Wakefield City Art Gallery, to 29 August.

Edgar Mansfield, sculpture, Mercury Gallery, Cork St., to 5 September.

EXHIBITIONS

"The Growth of London." Victoria and Albert Museum, to 30 August.

Regency Exhibition, Royal Pavilion, Brighton, to 27 September.

"Shopping in Britain," Design Centre, Haymarket, to 2 August.

"The Adam Style in Furniture," Kenwood House, Hampstead, to 30 September.

SON ET LUMIERE

Hampton Court, in aid of the Lady Hoare Thalidomide Appeal, to 26 September. (HYD 6000.)

FIRST NIGHTS

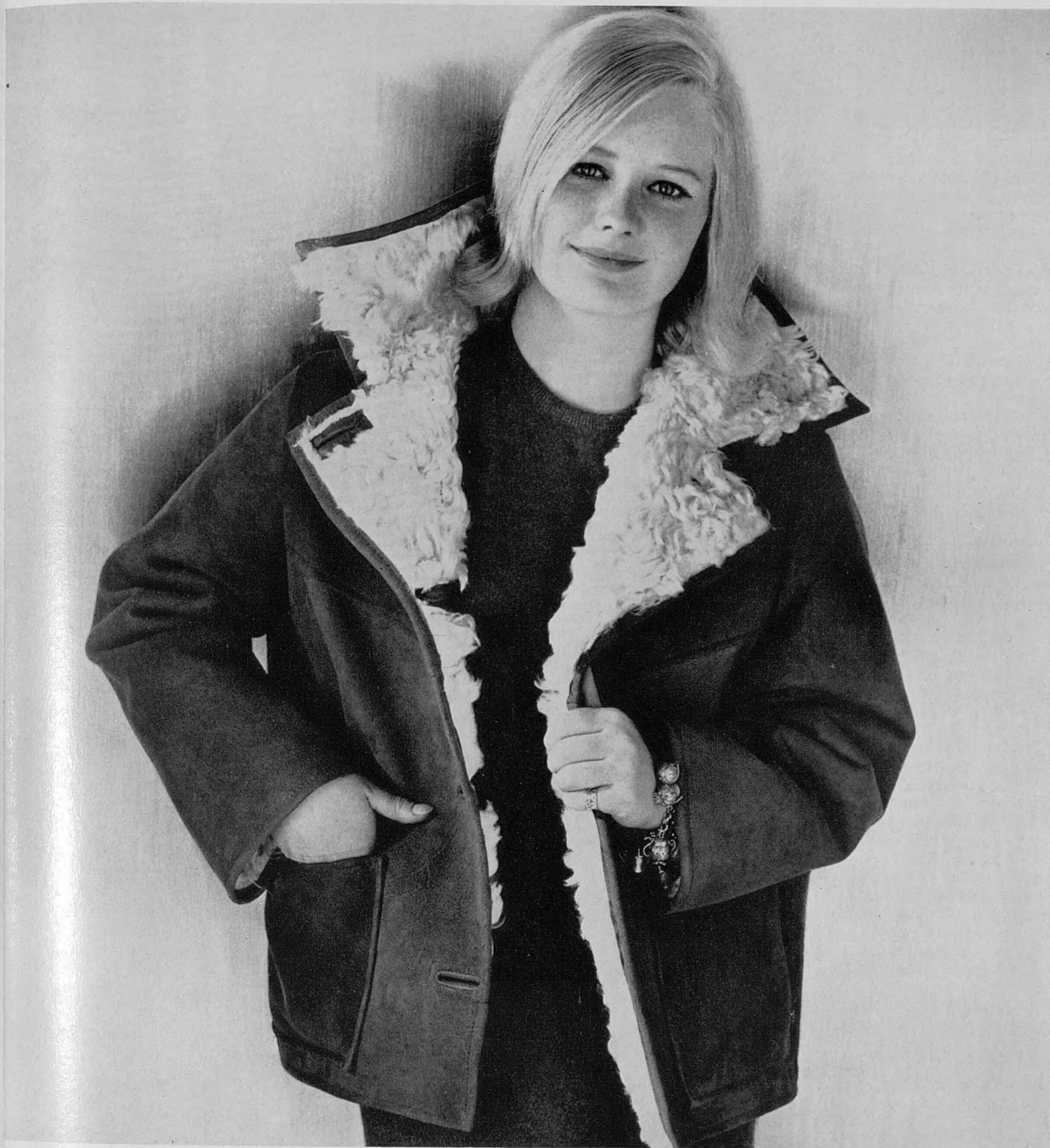
Drury Lane. Camelot, tonight. **Aldwych. The Murder of Marat**, 20 August.



Legend abounds in Scotland. One of the oddest, perhaps, is attached to this wishing well near Kilcoy, the Black Isle, Ross-shire. To ensure that your wish is granted it is necessary to propitiate the fairies in charge by leaving an article of clothing—even a shoe will do. Consequently this scene emerges

BRIGGS by Graham





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GOING PLACES

Scotch beef has long been recognized as about the best in the world, both from the point of view of texture and flavour. Like most things in the "best" category, it is in short supply outside Scotland, and expensive, made all the more so in London by transport charges. Consequently, lower price restaurants working on a narrow profit margin simply cannot afford to serve it unless they can buy in quantity on long-term contracts. As the beef picture is changing all the time, the list of restaurants I give below may not be complete and I apologize in advance for any errors or omissions.

Charles Massey is an expert selector of Scotch beef, and one can find it in his two chop-houses. I would hazard a guess that the roast beef at the Hunting Lodge comes from north of the Border; it certainly does in the Trocadero Grill and the Rib Room at the Carlton Tower. The Savoy Group too—the Savoy, Simpsons in the Strand, the Connaught Hotel and Stones—have beef of outstanding quality, which I am sure is Scotch. The Peter Evans Eating Houses make a speciality of this meat, as do the Paramount Grill and the Black Angus. There are, doubtless, other restaurants who do not specialize in joints or steaks, but who buy limited quantities of Scotch fillets for serving as chateaubriand or tournedos. It is not generally realized that the amount of absolutely top quality meat—prime fillet—on an average steer is only about 20 or 25 pounds.

Reminder in Scotland

Space makes it impossible to give all the restaurants and hotels in Scotland where one can eat well—and the general standard has shown a marked rise in the past three years—but here are some worth bearing in mind. Starting with Edinburgh, there is the Café Royal with its delightful Edwardian atmosphere, the elegant Ambassadeurs at the George Hotel, and the Pompadour Room in the Caledonian. L'Apéritif is good, and so is the Grill Room of the North British Hotel. For less leisurely but satisfactory eating Le Postillion in the Caledonian,

David Brown's and La Caravelle in the North British are worth remembering.

Near Edinburgh, the Old Howgate Inn, just off the Peebles road, is famous for its Danish open-face sandwiches. I have eaten enjoyable meals at the Open Arms at Dirleton, the Hawes Inn at South Queensferry, and the Cramond Inn at Cramond which, like the Commodore Hotel, fits in well with a visit to the new Firth of Forth road bridge. I have had several good reports of Greywalls at Gullane, a fine Lutyens house with a beautiful garden.

The Glasgow picture does not change much. The Malmaison in the Central Hotel, resting



on its laurels a little, remains one of Scotland's most elegant restaurants, while the Peter Evans establishment, the Gay Gordon, retains its deserved popularity. Rogano's remains fine for fish and Ferrari's for international cooking.

Farther afield, one can eat well (if somewhat expensively) at Gleneagles and Turnberry, both British Transport Commission hotels. At Fortingall Mr. Heptinstall has retired after 34 years in which he

TO EAT

built up for his food an international reputation. One hopes that Mr. Baird, inheriting what is probably Scotland's finest cellar, will maintain the standard. At the Portsonachan Hotel on Loch Awe, contented customers and *Cordon Bleu* cuisine remain the order of the day. Because so many people have praised the quality of the food and the charm of the waitresses the Skeabost House on the Isle of Skye is at the top of my list for my next visit to Scotland. Oban, whose beauty merits a restaurant of high quality, has nothing much to offer and in Aberdeen the Royal Athenaeum is the best bet on a very short list of runners.



The Crown Room at Edinburgh's Café Royal



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GOING PLACES

Rome, one forgets, is practically on the sea. Half-an-hour from the city, but only ten minutes from the airport, is the flattish, sandy coast, backed by Mediterranean pines. Flying in BEA's new Trident, we were just 1 hour and 55 minutes in the air. Twenty minutes later we were deep in the salt-water swimming pool of Ostia's Grand Hotel and, on a hot day in August, you cannot say fairer than that.

Ostia, of course, is the resort for Rome, the day-by-the-sea for people commuting to and from the city. As metropolitan resorts go, it is pleasant enough, but most visitors would prefer to drive on, either up the coast towards Argentario and the Tuscan Riviera, or (slightly closer) down it, to the resorts of Anzio and beyond; to the old fortress city of Gaeta, piled high on its promontory, and the beaches—very good ones—of Sperlonga. Here we are already more than halfway to Naples, and unmistakably in Italy's south; in the land of indolence and *dolce far niente*; of cactus, and biscuit-coloured soil, stones and buildings. This coast and

country, dotted with Roman remains, is something to save up for a late holiday—October, for example. Or even for winter: a guest at one hotel told me that she always managed to both lunch and dine outdoors at Christmas, with swimming according to the personal blood-heat.

There is one jewel on this south-Roman coast, and that is the promontory of Circeo. It was named after the sorceress Circe, whose fabled island of Aeaea was later identified with it. With some slight stretching of the imagination, you can see her profile along the lunar-barren slopes of Monte Circeo itself.

The port of San Felice has a great deal of charm. The old upper city can hardly have altered in four centuries. It is all honey-coloured flagstones and bright geraniums; patios, and wrought-iron balconies. Women draw water from the communal fountain in which we washed a kilo of nectarines, and ate them then and there. It is, I need hardly say, a potential mecca for painters and photographers (though oddly enough, I saw not one), for its picturesque beauty is genuinely un-



ABROAD

exploited, and not too sweet.

The lower port and the beach has two good hotels, the Neanderthal and the Carillon (both about 50s. a day, demi-pension), plus a gay crop of cafés and bars. The Stiva Della Mare combines a comparatively glossy restaurant on the terrace with a nightclub down below.

The Punta Rossa hotel, away on its own outside the town, joins my list of Greats. There is a clutch of low, whitewashed buildings spread over a series of flowered terraces, stretching down to the sea and a rock-hewn pool. The place is full of patios and corners in which are secreted bookshop, hairdresser and boutiques. Architecturally the whole conception is rather Moorish, laced with a dash of Aegean Greek. It has miraculously managed to stop short of the self-consciously chi-chi (though some very chi-chi people go there). The swimming, whether in the pool or off the rocks, is deep and

delicious. The food is excellent (which makes it rather an exception for Italian resort hotels, whose fare is generally inferior to that of the *trattorie*). The nightclub is a whitewashed terrace and bar, surrounded by blue plumbago trees and feathery pines. It is often attended by a tame baby camel. Finally, the charmingly decorated bedrooms, each with a wrought-iron balcony over the sea that cries out for some dialogue from *Private Lives* make Punta Rossa very hard to leave. Rates are around £5 a day, and the hotel is open all year. I would earmark it as a place in which to spend Christmas in warm sunshine, not (compared, for example, with the West Indies) too ruinously far from home.

BEA's Trident flies with a quiet, expensive hum. Trident flights are so far once a day (arriving Rome at 11.10 a.m.), and the mid-week fare is £49 8s. return. October, which as I suggested is also a particularly good month for this coast, happens to offer some of the lowest seasonal fares to Rome: night flights (by Comet) drop to as little as £36 5s., providing the flight is made in mid-week.



San Felice and the promontory of Circeo

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PHOTOGRAPH: VAN HALLAN

SUMMER IN SCOTLAND

Across Fisherman's Row the casting competition of the Scottish Game Fair is in progress. In the background stands Blair Drummond, the home of Sir John Muir, Bt., who was host to the Fair this year, the first time it has been held in Scotland. More pictures overleaf. For further news from north of the Border turn to page 338. Stately Scottish homes are pictured by Don Kidman, page 350 onwards and Jessie Palmer anatomizes a dinner party—planned in Edinburgh—on page 348



SUMMER IN SCOTLAND



1 Sir John Muir, Bt., and Lady Muir, hosts to the Fair

2 The Marquess of Linlithgow, President of the Fair, is driven to Blair Drummond in a dog-cart by Mrs. Walter Gilbey

3 Taking instruction in archery are Major David Butter, Mrs. David Butter and Lord Richard Wellesley

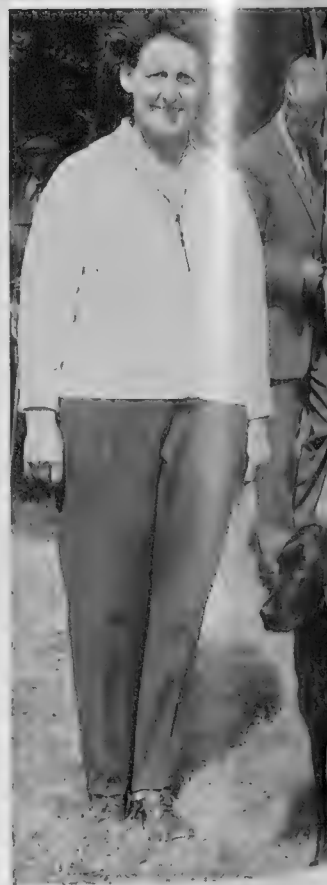
4 The Hon. Mrs. James Bruce, daughter of Lord Glentanar, and Major Patrick Telfer-Smollett

5 Cmdr. Malcolm MacGregor of Cardney, cousin of Sir Gregory MacGregor of MacGregor, Bt.

6 Mrs. K. W. Luttmer with her prizewinning Bradenham Jet

7 The Earl of Mansfield, a vice-president of the Fair, the Countess of Mansfield and Capt. D. C. Crawford

8 Mr. James Hunter Blair, Mrs. Ronald Thorburn, Miss Sarah Fanshawe and Mr. Ronald Thorburn







SUMMER IN SCOTLAND

1 Evelyn Lady Auckland, of Cromlix, and Col. Robert Lawder watch the retriever trials

2 Major David Gordon of Haddo, chairman of the Scottish Landowners Federation, who staged the 1964 Fair

3 Mr. Jack Mavrogordato, the falconer, with an eagle owl he bred in Wiltshire

LETTER FROM SCOTLAND

Field trials are very much a part of EVELYN LADY AUCKLAND's life these days. With a famous kennel of 30 dogs on her estate at Cromlix, Dunblane, she is busy showing what good gun dogs, well handled, can do in competitive tests.

It was Lady Auckland who organized the gun dog tests at the first Scottish Game Fair held at Blair Drummond, the seat of SIR JOHN MUIR, Bt., an event that held something of the atmosphere of a Highland Gathering with the presence of a number of Clan chiefs, notably the DUKE OF ATHOLL, THE MACNAB OF MACNAB and CAMERON OF LOCHIEL.

"It was an excellent event. We had a wonderful entry. People come from all over the country to find the best gun dog," said Lady Auckland.

At the moment she is busy organizing field trials for pointers and setters "the most spectacular and handsome gun dogs to watch," on the estates of COLONEL WILLIAM STIRLING of KEIR and the EARL OF ANCASTER, and she has a programme of trials that will be keeping her busy till the end of the year.

An expert in training gun dogs, she has one cardinal rule: "When you give your dog a command, see that it obeys at once. Never give in to it. Above all, have infinite patience and never lose your temper."

AN INTEREST IN ART

Restoring Old Masters is an unusual occupation for a woman, but it is something that will be keeping LADY ELIZABETH CHARTERIS busy until her marriage on 17 October to Mr. DAVID BENSON, younger son of SIR REX & LADY BENSON of Drovers, Chichester.

The only daughter of the EARL & COUNTESS OF WEMYSS, Lady Elizabeth works from a studio at her home, Gosford House, Longniddry, where she sometimes restores her father's pictures. Delighted by the engagement, Lady Wemyss described her future son-in-law, who works in the City, as "already part of the family." "He also paints," she told me happily, "so they have a common interest in art."

A CATHEDRAL IN CLOTH

Multi-coloured cones of cloth soaring to the roof will be the dramatic focus of a superb display of Scottish woollen products, and one of the largest single displays, at the quinquennial Scottish Industries Exhibition which opens in Glasgow on 3 September.

"As visitors enter Cloth Hall, it will be rather like going into Winchester Cathedral, with great vaults of cloth rising above their heads," says its designer JOHN CLARIDGE. Yet the theatrical effect is no accident, for Mr. Claridge, now one of the tweed industry's foremost designers, has called on his experience as assistant to OLIVER MESSEL and as a costume and

set designer for televised productions of opera.

"It is like the theatre," he agreed juggling with 12 different cloths on each of the six cones, "only this is three-dimensional." And he added: "At the moment it is like trying to fit sails to the *Queen Mary*."

Within the Kelvin Hall some 250 firms will represent the 9,000 manufacturing companies which make up the country's economic fabric. It should be, to quote LORD CLYDESMUIR, the Exhibition chairman, "an awe-inspiring array."

SPORT AND FASHION

Grass widows will come into their own at Carnoustie this week for not only are Pringle of Scotland staging a £4,000 Professional Golf Tournament—the first major tournament to be played over the championship course in 11 years—but they are to show the latest styles for golf and after-golf wear in a series of mannequin parades.

Though she no longer golfs herself, Mrs. WILLIAM SCOTT of Clive House, Letham, will be on hand to see the display. She told me: "The combination of golf and fashion is a good idea and I look forward to seeing both."

The Pringle Trophy and other prizes will be presented by Mrs. W. A. MACTAGGART, wife of the chairman of Pringle of Scotland.

A COTTAGE IN MOSCOW

Tired of commuting, Miss CAROLINE McNAUGHTON has bought a cottage in Moscow where the river Volga runs through her garden. It's not in Russia, but in North Ayrshire, four miles from Kilmarnock Sheriff Court where she fulfils her duties as Procurator Fiscal.

Exactly a year ago the mantle of Miss MARGARET H. KIDD, Q.C., Sheriff of Dumfries and Galloway, the first woman in Britain to be called to the Bar, appropriately fell on Miss McNaughton's shoulders when she became the first woman to assume this office. And it is in Miss Kidd's advocates robes that she enthusiastically pursues the varied duties of Procurator Fiscal.

"Much of my time is taken up with Common Law and Road Traffic Offences," she told me, "but there are always criminal cases and sudden deaths to attend to, and I have even had ten sheep in custody!"

An extremely feminine woman with a passion for hats, Miss McNaughton is surprised by the lack of prejudice against her sex. "Both in private practice at Parliament House and as Legal Adviser to the Scottish Gas Board I frequently found prejudice against the female sex in law. But as Procurator Fiscal there are no difficulties in being a woman. In fact in cases involving women it can be a distinct advantage."

J.S.



The village of Luss on the shores of the Loch and overshadowed by Ben Lomond made a spectacular setting for the Summer Highland Games whose chieftain was Sir Ivar Colquhoun of Luss. The Games were opened by the world champion City of Edinburgh Police Pipe Band. They marched up from Luss to the Games Park headed by the president of the gathering, Mr. Robert Kerr, who also judged the wrestling contests. The Provost of Dollar, Mr. Jimmie Miller, kept up a running commentary interspersed with interviews. Sir Ivar spent a busy day at Luss greeting visitors from all over the world

Sir Ivar Colquhoun of Luss, Bt., his son, Malcolm Rory, and the Countess of Arran



Mr. Robert Kerr with Drum Major Ronald Ackroyd and the City of Edinburgh Police Pipe Band





1

HIGH ROAD TO THE LOCH

- 1 Two and a half hundredweight of caber is tossed by Mr. Henry Alexander (Sandy) Gray
- 2 Mr. Angus Morrison from South Uist played the pipes all day and performed for the dancing competitions
- 3 Miss Frances Macleod from Sydney, Nova Scotia, who competed in the piping contest
- 4 Miss Sally Thornton, winner of the sword dance
- 5 A good soaking for John Mills and Hugh Gardner, who are both from Dumbarton and competed in the Tilting the Bucket event
- 6 Mr. Charlie Patterson throwing the hammer
- 7 Mr. Jimmie Jennett and Mr. Hugh McInnes. Both were members of the arranging committee
- 8 Mr. Jimmie Miller, Provost of Dollar, who provided a commentary on the Games with a roving microphone
- 9 Capt. Donald Colquhoun, brother of Sir Ivar



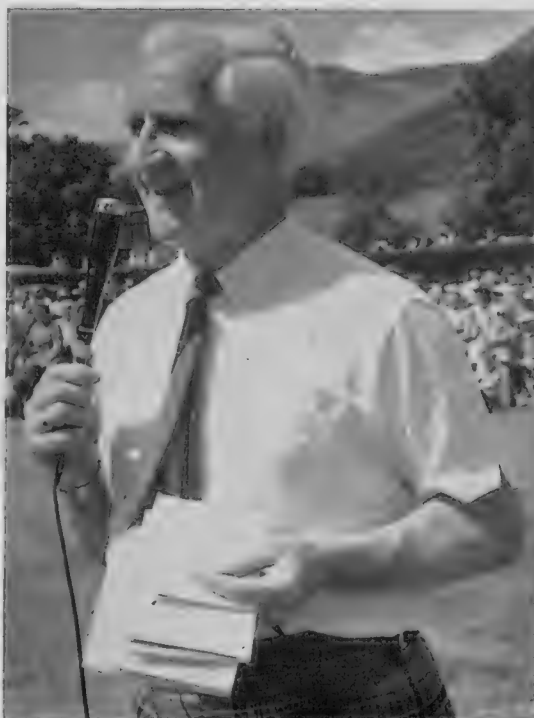
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2



3



GUESTS AT GLENEAGLES

A sizeable contingent from America swelled the guest list of families on holiday at the Gleneagles Hotel in Perthshire

1 Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Ross, who come from Hepscott Hall, Morpeth, Northumberland, prepare for fishing on the lake at Gleneagles. With them are their children David (7) and twins Caroline and Timothy (6)

2 Mlle. Guyonne Dalle wears the gold medal of the French *Académie de Sport*. Mlle. Dalle, whose home is in Paris, was twice the world water-ski champion, in 1963 and 1964

3 Mr. and Mrs. George Dunkley, holidaying away from their Nassau home, and Mr. Archie Probart Jones who lives in nearby Kincardine Castle

4 Mr. John Harrison, Miss Elizabeth Budgen and Mr. Norman Harrison. The Harrisons come from Inglewood Bank, Penrith, Miss Budgen comes from Charlton Down, Tetbury, in Gloucestershire

5 Dr. and Mrs. Neal Davis from Omaha, Nebraska, were staying at the hotel with their children Nancy, Gail, Daphne and Neal

6 Setting off for an evening stroll in the grounds are Dr. Ian McPherson from The Coppers, Sunningdale, Mrs. H. Warwick Daw, Mrs. G. Gordon-Davies, Sir Harry and Lady Methven and Mr. H. Warwick Daw, the racehorse owner. In one year he won the Ascot Gold Cup, the Yorkshire Cup, the Doncaster Cup and the Queen's Prize at Kempton. His home is at Bix Field, Henley

7 Mr. and Mrs. Robert Charles Lechner. He is the Deputy Sheriff of Jacksonville, Florida, where he has a large estate. Mrs. Lechner is the lady champion of the Ponte-verda Golf Club



ONCE MORE INTO THE BLUE . . .



... ON A DAY-TRIP TO PARIS
WITH AN INTERNATIONAL AIR SQUADRON
OF MAGNIFICENT YOUNG MEN.
FLYING TIME, BY THE WAY,
WILL BE 24 HOURS-PLUS
AND A FEW PARTS MAY FALL OFF EN ROUTE,
BUT THAT'S ONLY TO BE EXPECTED
BECAUSE THE DATE IS 1910

Twentieth Century Fox's comeback into large-scale production, begun with the epic *Cleopatra* and *The Longest Day*, is continued at Pinewood where Ken Annakin is directing *Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines* (sub-titled *à la Strangelove*: How I flew from London to Paris in 25 hours 11 minutes). Annakin and associate producer Jack Davies wrote the original story about an international air race from Dover to Calais in 1910, the period when the sense of adventure among aviation pioneers reached its zenith. The actual race is being filmed on the cliffs of Dover at the point where Louis Blériot landed after his first cross-Channel flight in 1909. For the film, which is being made in Todd-AO and colour, a fleet of a dozen copy-antiques has been built; six of these will fly (probably more reliably than did their originals) and the other six will be used for studio work. When shooting is complete, Fox will give the collection to an aero museum. Following the pattern set by *Around the World in 80 Days* and *The Longest Day*, *Magnificent Men* has an international all-star cast.

Young lady with a head for heights is Sarah Miles (above left) who has a starring role in *Magnificent Men*. Terry-Thomas (right) appears in the film with Eric Sykes as his manservant. The German band (far right) rehearses before a small and indifferent audience on the Dover shingle. William Rushton's bowler provides shelter for Sam Wanamaker (top right) to light his cigar on the cliff top. James Fox holds on to his hat, too. Entangled in seaweed (top, far right) is Gert Frobe who heads the German contingent in the cast



The rave of Ampleforth

Extra-curricular activities in many public schools today extend to include an optional pop group, but the traditional jazz fans at Ampleforth College, York, are supporting their own six-strong band called, paradoxically enough, Quintet Anonymous. The Quintet, which is managed by Ampleforth student the Hon. James Nelson, son of Lord Nelson of Stafford, operates independently of the college and recently gave a charity performance in aid of the Centenary Development Fund at the Old Palace, a convent school at Mayfield, Sussex.

The performance was organised by two Ampleforth masters, Mr. A. H. Haughton and Mr. G. C. C. Blakstad, both of whom have daughters studying at Mayfield, and was given at Mr. Blakstad's home in Ampleforth village, the group playing for three 40 minute sessions on the sun terrace while an audience of 300 listened in the gardens. Quintet Anonymous was originally composed of five musicians—William Marriner (leader and pianist), John Stirling (cornet), Dominic de Sousa Pernes (clarinet), David Marchment (guitar and banjo), and James Smith (percussion), but there has been a recent addition of a sixth member in Nicholas de Hartog (double bass). The group made its first television appearance last month and is booked to play at the Chelsea Beat Ball in January



1 Clarinetist Dominic de Sousa Pernes

2 Cornet player John Stirling and pianist William Marriner, founder members of the group

3 Drummer James Smith

4 Guitarist-banjoist David Marchment and double bass player Nicholas de Hartog, the newest member

5 The Hon. James Nelson, manager of the group

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PHOTOGRAPHS: CYRIL LINDLEY

- 6 Quintet Anonymous commands its own following of enthusiastic fans
 7 Miss Sarah Darwin and Miss Judy Blakstad at the charity concert
 8 Miss Bridget Burns, Miss Caroline Deakin, Miss Kate Burns, Miss Deirdre McKenna, Miss Catherine Clyne and Mr. Peter McKenna
 9 Miss Alexandra Russell
 10 Mr. Algernon Haughton, co-organizer of the performance and barman elect

Party planner in Scotland

by Jessie Palmer



The setting Angela Richard, her businessman husband and their four young children live during the week in their town house in Edinburgh's West End. It overlooks quiet, tree-lined Magdala Gardens. At the weekends they are usually at their Border home near Peebles. The Edinburgh house is about 100 years old. It has lofty, astragal windows and high ceilings—a perfect setting for some lovely period furniture. Focal point of the dining room is a large Chippendale mirror which stands at the end of the room opposite the windows. During the day, it reflects the quiet trees of Magdala Gardens; by night, light flares in it from the candles on the dining table and from the flames of the open fire. The walls of the dining room are white, the curtains a warm rose. In summer Mrs. Richard likes to use flowery tablecloths. In winter the candles provide much of the colour and she often uses pieces of mirror as stands for her flower or fruit arrangements.

The atmosphere The Richards entertain once or twice a week in the winter—less frequently in the summer. Mrs. Richard likes her dinner parties to be fairly formal and usually limits the number of guests to eight or 10. But she also enjoys giving buffet parties for much larger numbers—with about 30 different dishes set about the dining room. One thing she's adamant about—even at a buffet party there must be seating accommodation for everyone. To provide it she often hires benches and covers them with rugs.

She usually begins planning a party a week or more ahead. "I'm no good at saying suddenly at 6 o'clock, 'Let's give a party' and sitting everyone down to a tin of sardines. It just wouldn't be a success with me." She likes her guests to dress. "After all, one has to change in any case."

Service Mrs. Richard is blessed—and knows it—with efficient permanent help in the house. Her cook and daily help have both been with her for about seven years, and they genuinely delight in helping her plan a party. "We have great fun doing it all together," says Mrs. Richard. "I certainly wouldn't do half as much entertaining if I were on my own."

Cellar Mr. Richard looks after the wines, after consulting his wife about the menu the day before a party. The main course usually dictates the wine. "I find people would honestly much rather have one wine than a variety," says Mrs. Richard. They haven't any particular favourite and enjoy experimenting themselves before trying something new on their guests.

Vital kitchen gadget The food mixer. "It's constantly on the go."

Guests' guide (What is expected of them in the way of conversation.) "Nothing at all really. I just like people to enjoy themselves." Mrs. Richard loves long, leisurely dinners with leisurely conversation to match, and adds, "I find the dogs a great help conversation-wise."

Speciality of the house This spinach and mushroom soufflé is a favourite first course at the Richards' parties. It has the advantage that it can be kept for five or 10 minutes without spoiling. The quantities given are sufficient for eight people.

Sauté one pound mushrooms chopped small, in a tablespoon of butter. Sprinkle in half-an-ounce of flour, blend well, add two to three tablespoons of cream, salt, paprika and half a teaspoon of borage. Leave aside on a very low heat. Then melt three ounces butter, mix in three ounces flour, add half-pint milk previously infused with mixed herbs, mace and an onion studded with cloves. Stir till a *roux* forms. Take off heat. Add eight tablespoons spinach purée, two ounces grated cheese. Season very well with salt, pepper and a pinch of garlic powder. Beat in yolks of eight eggs. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Put half mixture in soufflé dish, spoon over the mushroom mixture, add the rest of the spinach mixture. Bake for approximately one to one and a quarter hours at 375 (gas mark 4). A soufflé dish, eight inches across by three inches deep, will be required. The paper band should extend two to three inches above the rim. (An extra egg white is an advantage.)



Opposite page: Mrs. Richard with her daughters, Dorinda and Jane, at her Edinburgh home. Above: the elegantly-furnished dining-room



Mrs. Richard in her kitchen. From its many gadgets she singles out the food-mixer as the most important

AT HOME IN A KEEP



Border keeps were grim and professional places, built to preserve the home demesne against the riever and the raider, whether English or neighbouring and covetous Scots. It's not so easy to be at home in a keep, but as the Middle Ages passed into history and the local wars and rebellions receded, so the Border lairds began by degrees to domesticate their fortified abodes. Some abandoned their keeps altogether—the ruins linger yet—others tacked on additions or built new homes alongside in the style of Queen Anne or the early Georges, glistening edifices of stone and brick and glass on sites that had once been bloody and debateable ground. Many of the old families remain on their home ground; both nominal and actual descendants of the original builders still live in these graceful Border homes with their adjacent reminders of medieval siege and carnage. Photographer Don Kidman met a number of them in a Border tour that included visits to Bonshaw Tower, Ferniehirst and Closeburn Castles and time-worn Kirkconnell



This quiet garden gate that leads to a sharp descent to the banks of the river Kirk once gave an exit to the Irvings of Bonshaw Tower, near Annan, when hard-pressed by raiders. *Below:* Mrs. Irving Straton-Ferrier, the present owner, in the tower room which was once used to house cattle as a safe refuge in a raid. The hook in the ceiling has a grim history—from it were hanged many unfortunate prisoners of the early Irvings. See colour picture overleaf



The massive square tower dominates the gravelled approach to Closeburn Castle, the Galloway home of Lady Pigott, widow of Sir Stephen Joseph Pigott. Once a strongpoint of the territory, Closeburn is now devoted to more peaceful pursuits. Lady Pigott has established an extensive flower market garden with her head gardener Mr. John Corson. They are seen together left. Last season some 5,000 plants were sold from a range that includes dahlias, chrysanthemums, fuchsias and geraniums. See colour picture overleaf

Opposite page: ancient Neidpath Castle (see cover picture), long-famed in Scottish legend and minstrelsy, is one of the most handsome of the Border Castles and among the most beautifully situated. It stands on the crest of a gentle slope at a bend in the Tweed but beneath the green grass lies the immemorial rock that lends Neidpath its massive strength and helped it hold out longer than any other fortress South of Forth against the onslaughts of Cromwell



The Crusader's Stone set in the ceiling at the entrance to Bonshaw Tower in Dumfriesshire commemorates the exploits in Palestine of an early Irving. The house is now owned by Mrs. Irving Straton-Ferrier. The stone is inscribed (*sic*)

"has blessing for Irving who stand under it." The present Bonshaw Tower, seen alongside in the colour picture, dates from 1550 and was built to replace an earlier one. It stands to the right of the present house, which was built in 1770



The massive iron-studded door (*left*) with its accompanying iron grille seals the entrance to ancient Closeburn Castle at Thornhill in Dumfriesshire, now the home of Lady Pigott, widow of the Scottish shipbuilder. At Closeburn in Galloway—ancient seat of the Kirkpatricks from whom the Empress Eugénie traced her descent—Lady Pigott has now developed a flower market garden (*colour picture alongside*). The square keep which once kept the Kirkpatricks safe now dominates quiet lawns and flowering shrubs and trees





Kirkconnell House is a Queen Anne building attached to a massive tower which dates, some say, from the early 16th century but is believed by the family to be some six to seven centuries old. The house is the property of Mrs. B. M. G. Maxwell-Witham, who lives there with her daughter Joanna. The sitting room (*below left*) is actually in the tower. Most of the pictures are of early Maxwells. The room is approached through a picture gallery in which



hangs a portrait of William Maxwell, friend and physician to Robert Burns. Legend attributes to him the advice that the poet should take the daily cold baths for his rheumatism that allegedly killed him. The instruments in the picture above hang in the Kirkconnell Museum housed in the tower above the sitting room. There are manacles and leg irons as well as many treasured items that chronicle the family history



Mrs. Maxwell-Witham is a keen and expert shot; she is seen alongside in the gunroom at Kirkconnell with her daughter Joanna. Some idea of the massive construction of the tower can be seen in the picture below. The centre part of the house was built in 1760 by James Maxwell of Kirkconnell with bricks made on the premises—remains of the rails for the trucks can still be seen in front of the house. The dining-room in the Queen Anne part of the house (*below right*) was originally three rooms, but with the help of her two children and their friends Mrs. Maxwell-Witham converted it into one large dining-room. The furniture is of the Queen Anne period and the large Chinese bowl on the table has been used at family christenings for the last 200 years. It was presented to the James Maxwell who joined forces with Prince Charles Edward Stuart in 1745 by one of his men after the failure of the ill-starred Jacobite Rebellion. It is the avowed aim of Mrs. Maxwell-Witham and her family to restore ancient Kirkconnell to its former life and prosperity





SHORT & SWEET

Short because hair today should be cut no longer than a Beatle's. Sweet because when it's layered and curved and swirled around the head it can look as though an electric beater had whipped it into a fetching meringue. For past-mastership in the art of the short and the sweet the man is Edward at André Bernard. The salon has a new address, having moved from Grafton and Dover Streets into one big new salon in Old Bond Street. There at No. 10, the first floor will cope with 108 people with space to spare for changing, taking a shower or having a facial

GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

Sweets to match the short and sweet are the Cardin range of lipsticks with a moist look to them, lucky numbers are 1, 14 and 15. For sweet summer scents try Rochas' Femme, Patou's Joy and Balmain's Jolie Madame. Sweetest trick of all is Revlon's Wonderlift that erases wrinkles for 2 to 5 hours—the process can be reactivated with a quick smear of water to prolong the action. Wonderlift is a natural protein product and it costs 42s. for two ounces



Left: Heather-mauve Shetland sweater, long and warm with a big ribbed roll collar, above a made-to-match skirt in mauve and green tweed. By Pringle, sweater, £3 19s. 6d., skirt, 5 gns. at D. H. Evans; Binns, Edinburgh; Copland & Lye, Glasgow.

Right: Sea-blue Shetland sweater with a wide-set collar, worn with a teamed-up skirt in sandy tweed cross-checked with blue. Both by Munrospin, sweater, £4 19s. 6d., skirt, 6 gns. at The Scotch House; Roderick Tweedie, Edinburgh; Browns of Chester.

BOUND FOR



R THE BORDER

Once upon a time, the Scots raided England with tiresome regularity. Now the raids are reversed as the English snatch covetable tweeds and cashmeres from across the Border. But many can now be found heading north again to join in the August invasion of Scotland. Unity Barnes stalked some; Vernier took the pictures

Intarsia-knitted sleeveless cashmere waistcoat, patterned in grey and white, over a grey polo-necked sweater. By Ballantyne, 24 gns. at Harrods. Camel hair trousers, 5½ gns. at all London branches of Jaeger.



Taking to the trees, a sturdy, showerproofed knitted jacket (designed for the vicissitudes of the golf course) with a zip-fastened front. By Braemar, £6 15s. at Harrods; Jenners, Edinburgh. The taut trousers are in tartan stretch fabric, 7 gns. at The Scotch House



Long-jacketed suit in rowanberry red and orange checked tweed by Gardiner of Selkirk, with a little speckled tweed blouse. By Matita, 45 gns. at Harrods; Copland & Lye, Glasgow; Cavendish House, Cheltenham



Left: shirt-collared sweater in rosy pink Shetland by Peter Scott, £3 15s. at The Laird Woollen Shop, 15 North Audley Street; Alexander Wilkie, Edinburgh. Scottish tweed trousers in peat brown and red, 5½ gns. at Jaeger, Regent Street; Birmingham and Cheltenham

Right: cloudy grey lambswool sweater with knotted buttons below its flat little collar. By Drumlanrig, 5 gns. at Houstons, Ayr; Fenwick, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The kilt, in black and white shepherd's plaid, is from The Scotch House, 9½ gns.



Nut-brown and beige checked Scottish tweed coat faced with oatmeal; the oatmeal dress is collarless, leather-belted. By Munrospun, coat 24 gns., dress 14 gns. at The Scotch House; Smith Brothers, Dundee; Millar, Hawick



Homely Harris tweed newly fashioned into a smooth skirt with a bias-cut overblouse, bulkily topped off by a double-breasted jacket. By Bill Bentley of Dereta, 43 gns. at Harrods; Copland & Lye, Glasgow; Hammonds, Hull; Dingles, Plymouth



Heathery suit in Harris
tweed, the long jacket circled
by a narrow leather belt.
By Easterbrook-Jones, 25 gns.
at Simpson, Dalys, Glasgow.
Beige cashmere sweater with a
ribbed polo collar, by
Drumlanrig, £4 7s. 6d. at
Selfridges; Houstons, Ayr;
Pringles, Morecambe

HOP SCOTCH



SANDRA LOUSADA

The solid worth of Scottish goods is recognized most by the French who flock to the Scots don't stay only with the traditional—some of the most forward-
 Woollen Shop, 15 North Audley Street, W.1, the Scotch House, Knightsbridge;
 Street, S.W.1, have the most delectable range of sweaters. Harrods stock a
 made by the West of Scotland Home Industries and cost 55s. a yard. Otterburn
 effect of these two strong colours: 52s. 6d. a yard. MacGonk is the latest Gonk
 shop in Islington's Camden Passage, stocking a complete range of Scottish
 oatmeal glazes, and measuring jugs from a gill to a gallon. In the picture: $\frac{1}{4}$ -gallon
 Caithness make a smooth glass decanter that rivals the shapeliest from Sweden. The top is a measure: 45s. 9d. at Primavera, Sloane Street. Scotland is famous for jewellery made
 from polished pebbles. The pebble necklace costs 30s., the horn one £6 16s. 6d. The brooch in the foreground costs from 6 gns. according to the choice of stone. The little girl wears
 a genuine kilt: £4 9s. 6d., a jumper: £1 15s. 6d., and a tam-o'-shanter: 17s. 6d. All at the Scotch House

the speciality Shetland shops in search of sweaters and genuine tartan kilts. But
 looking of modern glass has been produced at Caithness. Shops like the Laird
 W. Bill, 93 New Bond Street, W.1, and the Shetland Wool Shop, 11 Eccleston
 warming mohair cloth in genuine tartans like Hunting Fraser. These are
 Mills make a pretty purple and cerise wool and mohair cloth that mingles the
 toy. Dressed in tartan, Harrods sell him for £2 7s. 6d. Potluck is the newest
 Govancroft pottery—peasantry glazed porridge jugs, bean pots in barley and
 bean pot by Govancroft at Potluck, full address, 7 Pierrepont Arcade, N.1: 16s. 6d.

COUNTERSPY BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

on plays

Pat Wallace / Dine now, play later

It is not known exactly when in the 16th century Thomas Dekker was born or when in the 17th he died. What we do know and what is proved once more by the latest production at the Mermaid of **The Shoemaker's Holiday** is that Dekker was not only a successful playwright in his own day but a writer whose stage technique and robust, rambunctious humour is very much alive in 1964. This play typifies the lustiest form of Elizabethan drama. In place of subtlety it has high spirits, knockabout comedy and the antic behaviour which sometimes verges on clowning. It is to my mind one of those pieces for which the playgoer should be in a suitably hearty mood and/or well dined; otherwise its broader moments might be a little overwhelming. Given the proper frame of mind, however, this is a good-natured romp with some hilarious passages.

The shoemaker himself is one Simon Eyre, vigorously and even athletically played by Mr. John Woodvine. With his foreman, Hodge (Mr. Jerry Verno), and his journeymen, Ralph and Firk, he runs a cheerful, thriving business till Ralph is pressed into the army, his young wife is left desolate and his place in the shop is taken by a young nobleman in disguise, taking the job in order to escape his own army service and to be near his loved one, the Lord Mayor's daughter, Rose. If that sounds a little complicated it is nothing more than the truth, for there are a score more subplots; among their concerns the activities of a slippery, black-clad spy and the election of the new Lord Mayor who turns out to be Simon Eyre.

The spy, appropriately named Dodger, and wittily played by Mr. Robert Gillespie, provides some of the genuinely

funny situations of the evening and certainly the most spontaneous laugh came when, in the middle of his creepings and flutterings in dark corners, he is unnecessarily advised to be circumspect. Mr. David Weston gives a puckish performance as Firk and there is a dumb maid, one Cicely Bumtrinket, who contrives to look both spectral and pudding-like.

Some of the lines such as "Wedding and hanging go by destiny" have a familiar ring though one may not have known their source; others make a perfectly fresh impact and it can be said that one of the reasons for Dekker's popularity must always be his large and imaginative vocabulary. The shoemaker, even after his translation into the splendours of Lord Mayorship, has a fluent flow of phrases by which he addresses his nevertheless fond wife, referring to her in a series of vivid analogies one of the mildest of which is "You soused conger." It is in the main a noisy play, its generally thumping form of humour being allied to a tendency among the actors to shout each other, but it has been directed by Mr.

David William at a great pace and with a fluidity that is exactly right for it.

In the end, as befits a good comedy, the lovers are reunited, the fops are fooled and the King makes a glittering entrance to approve of the jests of his very unconventional Lord Mayor. This naturally goes straight to the head of Master Simon Eyre who has remained the patron of the shoemakers, sets a magnificent feast for them and ends up by performing a very creditable cartwheel and quite an ambitious *entrechat*. One was tempted to say that Mr. Woodvine put so much energy into his performance that he did everything but turn hand-springs and then—lo and behold—handsprings!

There are some careful period touches such as the emptying of receptacles from first floor windows, admirably simple and adaptable sets and, we note, technical advice from John Lobb, Shoemakers. By and large both the play and the production add up to good fun but I still think it is not an entertainment to be taken on an empty stomach.

on films

Elspet Grant / Physician, heal thyself

From the old days when we were idly toying with the idea of sending an expedition to Mars, I recall a dear little picture of dozens of terrified Martians rushing about in all directions and frantically shouting "Look out! Look out! The Earthmen are coming!" That I was right to sympathize with them is borne out by **First Men in the Moon**—a rather depressing film, based on a story by H. G. Wells and painstakingly directed by Nathan Juran.

Wherever Man goes death and destruction follow, it suggests, and it confirms me in my belief that, until we've put our own sorry world to rights, it would be only fair to leave the innocent occupants of other planets alone. (O.K., O.K.—I have no way of knowing they are innocent. All the same, I say we should let them be as we have nothing to offer them but annihilation.)

The film opens with excited TV viewers watching the landing of United Nations astronauts on the moon where, to everybody's astonishment, they find a small Union Jack and a bailiff's receipt dating

from the 1890s. How come? A flashback whisks us to Queen Victoria's England and introduces us to a darling, dotty inventor (enthusiastically played by the admirable Mr. Lionel Jeffries) who has just discovered a substance called Cavorite which will liberate any object painted with it from the pull of gravity.

Slapping a coat of Cavorite on to a whacking great spheroid he has run up in his back garden, Mr. Jeffries bundles himself and two neighbours (Mr. Edward Judd and Miss Martha Hyer) into the thing and off they whizz (with no visible means of propulsion) to the moon, where they land safe and sound. The moon's surface is as dreary and unpopulated as it looked in those recent photographs—but way, way down beneath it, in an eerie city bristling with prismatic pillars live a mysterious race of moon-creatures, instantly identified by Mr. Jeffries as Selenites.

Our inventor feels the Selenites may have knowledge and wisdom to impart and is delighted when they hit upon a method of communicating with him. Mr. Judd remains offen-

sively suspicious. He and clinging Miss Hyer (for whose presence on the moon only a script-writer could account) urge their old friend to "git" while the getting's good, but he refuses to budge, so they meanly clamber into the spheroid together and take off for earth (don't ask me how), leaving him to what they are convinced will be a ghastly fate.

Well, it seems that though Mr. Jeffries may have had nothing to fear from the Selenites, they had total extinction to fear from him. As Mr. Judd, now looking older than Methuselah, confirms, poor Mr. Jeffries landed on the moon with a very bad cold (I didn't notice it, myself). The theory is that the Selenites caught it and it killed them all off like flies. Not a trace of their civilization is left when the modern spacemen arrive, and we have only Mr. Judd's word for it that it ever existed.

It is difficult to see for whom the film is intended: the young, so shatteringly knowledgeable about the imminent possibility of space travel, lunar and planetary invasions and that sort of thing, may well consider it too fantastic, while adults may feel it is not quite fantastic enough.

Mr. William Holden, as an American rubber planter in **The 7th Dawn**—a steamy and, I thought, corny melodrama

with a Malayan setting—doesn't seem to care much for the British, but as he positively loathes the Communists I suppose he's all right, *really*. He and his Eurasian mistress (beautiful Capucine, wearing a hideous scragged-back hairdo) and a Malayan-Chinese gentleman, name of Ng (Mr. Tetsuro Tamba), were bosom buddies when they fought as guerillas against the Japanese—but that was in 1945.

Eight years later, things have changed. Ng has joined the Communist terrorists and is eager to rope in Capucine. She (though still living in sin with Mr. Holden) has become a schoolteacher and wants no further truck with violence. Ng warns her "There are no half-ways in this war—you trust your comrade or kill him."

Capucine is arrested for carrying bombs (planted on her by Ng) and is condemned to death by the British. Mr. Holden volunteers to rescue the British Resident's daughter (Miss Susannah York) who has been kidnapped, in return for Capucine's life—but takes so long about it that the noble girl has been executed before he gets back. Mr. Holden is pretty bitter: he says he thought the British were on the level this time—meaning, presumably, we should have broken the bargain we made with him. Not my favourite film.

Another opening, another show for Robert Helpmann (left) directing, and for Laurence Harvey playing King Arthur in the Lerner-Loewe musical *Camelot*, that opens tonight at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. For Harvey it represents a return to the stage, and his first singing-dancing part: he has made several films recently, but last appeared live when the *Old Vic* toured America in 1958. For Helpmann it represents the latest in a long line of varied theatrical ventures including opera, ballet, drama and the cinema. For impresario Jack Hylton it represents a £100,000 investment in his first Drury Lane venture. And for Lerner and Loewe it represents a hope to repeat the success of their last show which was called *My Fair Lady*.



on records

Gerald Lascelles / Supremacy in saxophones

I can think of no individual saxophonist, with the possible exception of Johnny Hodges, who has maintained the same high standard and consistency of performance of record that Coleman Hawkins has achieved. A recent album called *Coleman Hawkins Meets The Sax Section* (Realm), catches him in the studio with most of Basie's reed section; the immaculate mastery of his tenor sax is only one facet of the creative force behind Hawk and the four decades of active jazz-making which already stand to his credit. He sounds most relaxed in *Papa Joe's* and rides superbly over the section in *I've grown accustomed to your face*, establishing yet again his undoubted supremacy in this field.

The extraordinary sympathy of Sidney Bechet and Mezz Mezzrow on soprano sax and clarinet has been immortalized in a famous group of sessions recorded between 1945 and 1947, the original label being their

own King Jazz. Most of this material has previously been issued, but is now consolidated in a magnificently presented album containing two long-play records, *Blues with Bechet* (Concert Hall). The tracks are regrettably short, having been intended for release as 78 rpm. standards in their original form, but the stature of both Bechet and Mezzrow, as well as Hot Lips Page and Sammy Price, the pianist on most sessions, is well established, and the interest never flags.

To many jazz lovers John Coltrane is held in the same esteem today that Bechet was 30 and Hawkins 20 years ago. There is at all times a sense of conquest in his work and he is, like so many of the contemporary explorers in this field, a prolific one. In the past few months we have had *Impressions* (HMV), blazing the Coltrane trail into the Orient with themes like *India* and *Impressions*, but retracting later

into the near-sanity of his *After the rain*, a 1963 recording, which gives pianist McCoy Tyner a chance to expand beyond his usual role of accompanist. Then there was a rather dull excursion, *John Coltrane and Johnny Hartman* (HMV), in which singer Hartman works on some conventional ballads without lifting himself or the saxophonist out of a safe and not very deep rut. This 1963 music may imply the consolidation period which invariably follows the prodigal's return, but it made me turn my attention to a 1958 session, *Trane Ride* (Realm), with more than usual zest. It was at about this time that Coltrane started to find himself musically, just after he had completed a spell with Thelonious Monk's quartet. On these tracks, notably *Oomba*, the strong influence of Dexter Gordon, and thus Lester Young, can be heard clearly. Wilbur Harden's work on flugelhorn emerges as a significant but underrated voice, and the slightly mystic African mood is well sustained by the rhythm section.

Coltrane's close association with Monk brings me logically to Thelonious' *Misterioso*

(Riverside), one of the albums on this label which has only become available this year in Britain. His quartet comprises Johnny Griffin on tenor, Malik on bass, and Roy Haynes on drums. So far as we are concerned in this country, Thelonious suffered from hopeless under-exposure, not in the photographic but disc-jockey sense, during his early (1944-47) period, and during the late 50's, as the American companies for whom he recorded had no direct outlets here. Now that his records are freely available we have much to catch up with, particularly in the unexpected pattern of his music, and also in the influence he had on all horn players, rather than pianists. It is fitting that Monk allows himself almost to be dominated by Johnny Griffin on tenor in this album, since the latter was one of the men who first absorbed the superficial target set by Monk. Griffin's absorption enables him to say a great deal, perhaps even too much, in the pursuit of Monk's elusive themes, but it is satisfying to hear logical development such as these two profound jazzmen enjoy together.

on books

Oliver Warner / The monk was not so mad

In **Rasputin and the Fall of the Romanovs**, by Colin Wilson (Arthur Barker 25s.) the author has attempted not so much a vindication of the monk who had such influence on the last of the Czars and his wife, as a straightening of the records. So many bad books have appeared about Rasputin that it was indeed time someone made the effort to show him not so much "warts and all," but with his outline lopped of excrement and with a biographical balance attempted. The overall impression is that Rasputin was not as black as he is painted, and that the last Russian royalties were natural victims. Though it is news to me that Kitchener was drowned as the result of a torpedo attack, this does nothing to shake my belief that Colin Wilson has done an interesting job.

Exalted company is met in **Proconsul, being Incidents in the Life and Career of Sir Bede Clifford** (Evans 35s.), an autobiography in which the subject is mentioned casually throughout as "C". The author is the youngest son of the 10th Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, and though most of the narrative is given over to his adventures in Australia, South Africa, the West Indies and Mauritius with

the Dominions and Colonial Services, there is material about a notable ancestry, and an account of an audience with George V which is a miniature gem of portraiture. Sir Bede, who became a Governor at 41, has very decided views on the current state of affairs in what was once called the British Empire, and as a glimpse of diplomatic life overseas up to the end of the last war, the book is good swift reading.

In **the Last Analysis** (Gollancz 15s.) Amanda Cross introduces the ingenious situation of the victim being found murdered on the psychoanalyst's couch, with the practitioner's own knife. Many of the scenes are at an American university, the main character being a woman don turned amateur sleuth. She succeeds in proving her case during the course of speculation, travel, and deduction. This is, I gather, a first effort in the detective field, but there are no beginner's bungles and the story is refreshingly intelligent.

Though it is a mere pamphlet in size, David Piper's **O Sweet Mr. Shakespeare, I'll have his Picture** (National Portrait Gallery 5s.) is ideal for anyone curious as to what the poet may

have looked like. The author calls his account "the changing image of Shakespeare's person, 1600-1800" and there are concise and sometimes witty notes on every important representation, including particularly the Droeshout engraving in the First Folio and, of course, the Stratford-on-Avon monument. Pamphlets are sometimes engrossing reading. This one deserves the shelf for items to be referred to and re-read.

In **Pig in Paradise**, by Elma M. Williams (Hodder & Stoughton 18s.) the writer describes how Bumble, runt of a litter of pedigree Welsh Whites, became a general favourite in the animal sanctuary over which she presides in a Welsh valley. A chicken sleeps in Bumble's ear and she adores foals, goats, dogs, sheep and, not least of all, people. I am delighted to find so many photographs of a variety of anything but dumb creatures.

Briefly . . . Clemence Dane, in **London Has a Garden** (Michael Joseph 30s.) has made Covent Garden, in which district she has lived many years, the focus for a discursive book on this special part of the capital. It is a blend of reminiscence, history and observation, free from nostalgia and sentiment, a harvest of experience and reading. The far-away Hebrides are the background of Lillian Beckwith's **The Loud Halo** (Hutchinson 21s.) which introduces a series of engaging

Scots eccentrics: ("Ach", says one, "he was always the same, any little thing killed him"). The author bought her own house and croft, with much satisfaction to herself and neighbours.

A reissue of what many good judges would place among the first 20 narratives of World War I, **Her Privates We**, by Frederic Manning (Peter Davies 21s.), describes first-hand the battle of the Somme, and the men of the ranks with whom the highly articulate author served. . . . The same event is the subject of Lieut-Col. A. H. Farrar-Hockley's **The Somme** (Batsford 30s.) which belongs to the publishers' series on British Battles. It is interesting to be able to follow the same events from both an historian's view, and from the actual mud of the arena. Both books are valuable, and the first is a minor classic of war. . . . Continuing the same, sombre line of thought, **The Guns of August**, by Barbara Tuchman (Four Square Books 5s.), which was praised on its appearance two years ago as a vivid summary of the affairs of 1914, is now available in paperback to remind a larger audience of how the world began to be reshaped. I do not think it is merely because it all happened just 50 years ago that it is stimulating current attention. Surely it is because we are still trying to fathom just how we got where we are now.

or opera

J. Roger Baker / How long Mozart had to wait

The steady growth to popularity of Mozart's first major opera, **Idomeneo**, is an interesting reflection of the musical temper of the times. It was inevitable that this work should be the last of Mozart's large-scale operas to be presented in this century's revival of interest in his music. While it is easy enough to line up Figaro and the Don with the tradition of 19th-century romantic opera, **Idomeneo** remains resolutely 18th century, and for many the 18th century at its most unloveable—actionless, virtually emotionless opera, a series of formal arias linked by dull recitative.

However, the prevalence of musical archaeology has introduced a wider knowledge of the conventions governing 18th-century opera seria. From time to time the Handel Opera Company attempts to show that

the even less viable works of Handel have a certain interest—and after Handel, **Idomeneo** seems positively with it. Glyndebourne first mounted **Idomeneo** some 14 years ago; wider acceptance was marked, I suppose, by its admission to the repertory of Sadler's Wells last year where it has proved popular. In those few years the opera has moved from being an interesting Glyndebourne-type curio into an accepted part of operatic currency.

Despite a number of irritations, the Glyndebourne production—originally by Carl Ebert, this year in the hands of his son Peter—remains the most appropriate way of handling the opera. The Wells makes it easy by opting for as much realism as possible: Cretan-style costumes, locations defined, frantic acting. The Eberts return to a style nearer to that of the original with a

stylized setting (stylish too, it's by Oliver Messel) of sub-Bernini colonnades, 18th-century "theatre" costumes tricked out with Cretan accessories. Acting is reduced to the minimum—a few formal gestures only—and the total effect is one of suitable, if small-scale grandeur. One drawback, however, is that this method does not allow much differentiation in the characters—Electra's jealousy is not really revealed until her final aria: I seem to remember Rae Woodland at the Wells making her unpleasant from the word go.

It is clear to us now that Mozart breathed a tremendous amount of himself—and consequently new vitality—into the old-fashioned form with which he was dealing. The composition of **Idomeneo** was his first opportunity to prove himself as an opera composer. But being a mere 25 at the time he had to contend with a tradition-bound librettist and cast. He walked the artistic tightrope with conspicuous success, reaching in the choruses, the quartet and at

least two arias, heights he himself rarely surpassed.

This year's performances at Glyndebourne could have been better sung: the principals did not seem to have a trill between them, and their handling of codas left much to the imagination. Even Richard Lewis, a noted Mozartian, in the title role, seemed tired, and reliant on his popularity rather than his singing. Luciano Pavarotti as Idamante has one of those youthful Italian tenors that tend to sound strangled in Mozart though they are clearly effective in music of more sympathetic style. The two sopranos were more satisfactory, particularly Gundula Janowitz, a real find, with an exquisite voice beautifully handled. Enriqueta Tarres brought appropriate fire to Electra's final aria. The chorus acquitted itself well in its important scenes, less so the orchestra, under John Pritchard, which, after a grand, spacious overture seemed uneasy, particularly on the question of balancing the solo instruments with the ensemble.

on galleries

Robert Wraight / Baptisms of fire

Talking at a Press conference prior to the opening of the exhibition *The War Artists*, which is at Folkestone's New Metropole Art Centre until 18 September, Mr. John Nash, an official artist in both World Wars, recalled how in the early, "phoney" part of the last war he was sent to Plymouth to draw "objects" in the dockyards. Though dressed as a captain of the Royal Marines he was constantly being arrested. He got so fed up with this, he said, that he told a military policeman that he was going to give the job up. "Oh, don't worry, sir," replied the policeman, "we aren't looking for you any more, we're looking for someone impersonating you."

This story went down so well that most of his audience forgot the point it was meant to illustrate—that the painting of the First World War had

much greater intensity than that of the Second because, from 1914 to 1918 the official war artist was a fighting man who underwent a "baptism of fire" and made his drawings afterwards, from memory, on the backs of old envelopes.

But is the painting of World War I of much greater intensity? Is it not simply much more subjective? Isn't the basic difference the difference between the two wars? As Mr. Nash's brother Paul Nash wrote, when in 1943 he looked back on his experiences in the first war: "With the first gas attack the human element of war pictures began to decline... henceforth men often became monsters. Finally machines, pictorially speaking, took the place of men."

From both wars Paul Nash emerged as the greatest of the war artists. His dehumanized landscapes of 1917 are the most

intense pictures to come out of the "War to end war." He felt deeply the futility and could see beyond individual tragedies and experiences. He aimed in his pictures to "rob war of the last shred of glory, the last shine of glamour." Describing the battlefields he wrote: "No glimmer of God's hand is seen anywhere. Sunset and sunrise are blasphemous, they are mockeries to man... the black, dying trees ooze and sweat and the shells never cease..."

During the Second World War his imagery was drawn primarily from the machines, not the men, but the intensity of his vision was even more acute than in 1917 and he produced the one undoubted masterpiece of the war, the *Dead Sea*. That this powerful picture, which is among the 73 works at Folkestone, was inspired not by some violently dramatic action in Europe but by a big dump of wrecked aircraft at Cowley, underlines the point that it is the quality of his imagination rather than the quality of his physical experiences that makes a good war artist.

A good war artist, as Sir Kenneth Clark says in his introduction to the exhibition catalogue, is an extremely rare fellow and it by no means follows that a good or even a great artist will succeed in this "peculiar branch of art." When one thinks about it in this way only one great name in the whole history of European art comes immediately to mind—Goya. But, if no Goya emerged during 1914-1918 and 1939-1945, the achievements of such men as William Roberts, Wyndham Lewis, Eric Kennington, John Nash, Stanley Spencer, C. R. W. Nevinson (in spite of Sir Kenneth's scathing dismissal of him) and Paul Nash in the first period, and of Henry Moore, Graham Sutherland, and again, Paul Nash during the second period should not be underrated. Unfortunately Roberts is not represented at Folkestone but there are two works, one of them the huge *A Battery Shelled*, by his fellow Vorticist Wyndham Lewis and well-chosen groups of drawings and paintings by all the others and several less famous artists.

Helen Burke / Snacks for Sassenachs

DINING IN

One has only to glance through an 18th-century cookery book to realize how far away were the dishes from today's food ideas. I have been thumbing through *The Cook & Housewife's Manual* by Mistress Margaret Dods (seventh edition, 1842) to discover that my Scottish in-laws, who are excellent cooks, still make many of the dishes given by Meg Dods, but in a much refined way.

SCOTCH COLLOPS, for instance. For 4 to 5 servings, mince, but not too finely, 1½ to 1¾ lb. of chuck steak. Turn it into a thick-based pan and brown it, moving it about so that it becomes evenly coloured. Add enough hot water to cover the meat. Simmer, breaking down any lumps that form, with a wooden spoon. Add one or two handfuls of oatmeal and simmer to thicken. Season with salt (not too much) and pepper. Cover and simmer for at least 40 minutes.

Turn into a heated dish and garnish with small triangles of toast. My in-laws claim that this is correct, though you may not find them in a Scottish cookery book. Some add a chopped onion with the meat; my in-laws scorn this, but it

is obviously a matter of taste.

COCK-A-LEEKIE is so like *Pot au Feu* that it must date back to a French influence in the Scottish cuisine. Though leeks are not in season at the moment, I give the recipe because it is a good one.

Tie 3 lb. of hind leg beef into a neat shape. Place it in a large pot and cover it with 3 to 4 quarts of water. Bring to the boil and skim. Cut 3 to 4 leeks (including some of the green) into inch pieces and add these together with a teaspoon of salt and a little pepper. Lower the heat and simmer, covered, for 2 hours.

Add a young boiling chicken—trussed with the legs inside—and the giblets, except the liver. Add the white parts of 3 to 4 further leeks, cut into short pieces. Cover again and cook gently for 1½ to 2 hours. Taste and season further as required.

To serve: Remove both the beef and the chicken. Let them rest for a few minutes so that they will carve more easily. Cut small pieces of each, put them in a tureen and add the soup.

POTTED HEAD is the Scottish name for brawn. It is another

family favourite. If possible, buy a small pig's head, fresh or pickled, or ask the butcher for half a head. He will split a small head in two for you and, if you buy a half head, he will have prepared it, too.

Wash and scrub the head. Place it in a large pot with a bouquet garni, tied in muslin, a chopped large onion, ½ teaspoon of grated nutmeg or mace and 8 to 10 crushed peppercorns. Cover with cold water, bring to the boil and skim. Add salt if a fresh head is used. Put on the lid and simmer very gently until the meat falls from the bones.

Skin the tongue and cut it into slices. Cut the ear (or ears) into strips and chop the remainder of the meat.

Meanwhile, remove the muslin with the bouquet garni, etc. Simmer the stock so that, when reduced, it will jell when cold. (Test a teaspoon or so on a saucer in the refrigerator to see if it will set.) When the stock has been sufficiently reduced, add all the meat to it and bring to the boil. Remove, let stand for 15 minutes then pour into a mould or moulds.

When set, turn out and serve.

SHORTBREAD cannot be omitted from "over-the-border" dishes. Have the butter at room temperature so that it is manageable. Sift 4 oz. of flour, 2 oz. of rice flour, 2 oz. of caster sugar and a pinch of salt on to

a pastry board. Make a dimple in the centre and place a 4-oz. piece of butter in it. Gradually draw in the dry ingredients and knead them into it, keeping the butter in one piece if possible.

Work well together and form into a ball. Place it on a piece of greaseproof paper on a baking sheet and pat it into a round just ¾ inch thick. Prick it all over with a fork and pinch the edges into a pattern. Bake for 40 to 45 minutes at 325 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 3. Cool on a wire rack.

I myself have never much cared for that very dark SCOTCH GINGERBREAD but, if you like the sticky, rather heavy kind, this one is for you.

Melt together 3 oz. of lard or lard and butter in equal proportions, and 4 oz. each of golden syrup and black treacle. Leave them to cool, then beat a large beaten egg into them. Sift together 7 oz. of plain flour and 1½ teaspoons each of ground ginger and mixed spice. Add ½ pint milk, all but a tablespoon, and mix well together. Add to the first mixture. Blend a teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda into the remaining milk and stir it into the batter. Beat well.

Turn the mixture into a well buttered loaf tin and bake for 50 to 55 minutes at 325 to 350 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 3 to 4.



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THE WATERS OF CHARENTE



M. Maurice Hennessy, senior partner of Jas Hennessy & Co., and his grandson Jacques

The country of cognac is soft and warm; through it the Charente flows placidly as it has for centuries. The forests, fields and vineyards smile in the sunshine, and the people are easy-going and happy. They feel secure in the knowledge that their wealth is safe in oaken casks full of precious liquid instead of armoured bank vaults. The towns and villages, the farms with their walled squares and massive archways speak of an ancient history; the vines have been cultivated since Roman times and, in the Middle Ages, Vikings and other northerners came to their ports for salt and wine.

How this country must have captivated the young Irish captain who decided to settle here in the mid-18th century. He was Richard Hennessy, third son of the squire of Ballymacmoy, County Cork. He had been wounded in battle while serving in the Irish Brigade in the service of the king of France. After the defeat of the Boyne, his regiment, the Clare, had the honour to leave the battlefield fully armed and sail for France, because its soldiers had fought so bravely. Round the turn of the century many Irish Catholic families emigrated to France, where they were dubbed "Wild Geese," and the Hennessys belonged to this flock. When Richard was old enough he joined the Brigade and took part in the last battle which routed the British from France.

He settled in the sleepy town of Cognac (where François I was born under a tree during a thunderstorm), and got to know the local product. He sent a few casks home to Ireland, and was soon in business

buying brandy on commission to ship abroad. Before long he was joined by his son James, and the firm took the name Jas. Hennessy & Co. in the mid 1760's.

This year is the 200th anniversary of the House of Hennessy, which has flourished and grown through seven generations, the only great house in cognac to do this in a straight line from fathers to sons. The celebrations of the bicentenary are taking various forms; employees of the firm have already had a party to end all parties, and during September 75 major agents from 42 countries are to be entertained in Paris and Cognac. It was within the framework of these celebrations that I spent three glorious days in and around Cognac recently visiting vineyards and vast storehouses, and tasting old cognacs.

The history of the firm is closely bound to that of cognac itself, this unique *eau-de-vie* which is being imitated in many other parts of the world, but without equal success. Wine from these vineyards has been shipped abroad for centuries before distillation was thought of here. At the beginning of the 17th century the export of wine suffered a great setback. The English, who had been the biggest consumers, decided that the wine was inferior, and suddenly it was said that the wines from Charente did not stand up to the sea voyage. Historians are puzzled by this, but reject the explanation that perhaps the *cépage* had been changed. They conclude simply that the taste of the English must have improved! Catastrophe had to be averted, and a solution was found in distillation. At first this was done simply to reduce the

volume and the cost of shipping, but the distillate from the traditional pot stills was neither pleasant nor sufficiently strong. It was a second distillation, discovered by accident, that improved both the quality and strength, and the brandy made in Cognac went on to conquer the world.

The process has not changed to this day; even where electronic controls are installed, as in the latest Hennessy distillery at Le Peu, the same simple pot stills are used.

Soon after the formation of the firm, it was discovered that brandy continues to improve for many years in casks of Limousine oak; and from that time brandy was kept in cool storehouses to mature. This meant tremendous business expansion, and the accumulation of great wealth both by shippers and farmers; it also provided a balancing bridge between good and poor harvests. For a long time it was still the custom to ship the brandy in hogsheads, leaving to the foreign buyers' judgment when it should be sold to the consumers. In 1860 the system was changed, mainly because by then the exports were covering the farthest corners of the globe, including the British colonies. From then on, nearly all brandy has been matured in Cognac and transported in bottle under the shipper's label.

The new system was adopted by all the shippers, but another innovation, that of the star system designating the age and quality of brandies, was first introduced by Maurice Hennessy in 1865. It is amusing to contemplate that now, a hundred years later, it should again be the Hennessy firm who stopped the system. They found that the stars had been abused and become meaningless, and now they call their "three star" brandy *Bras Armé* (the mailed arm), which, holding a battleaxe, is part of the family crest.

The firm has come a long way in 200 years; they claim to hold the largest stock of old cognacs (nearly 100,000 casks). The Hennessys have found time to enjoy other things in life and to take an interest in politics and charities. Horses have always been a favourite pastime with them, and the present senior partner, Maurice, has racing stables on both sides of the Channel. His father James owned *Lutteur III* who won the Grand National in 1909, the only French horse to have done so. One of his partners, his cousin Kilian, showed me an impressive art collection in his Château de St. Brice, the same château where Catherine de Medici received her future husband Henri II, King of France. Kilian's elder brother Patrick objects to his house being called a château; he prefers the more modest *logis*, but nevertheless he has a 9-hole golf course in the grounds.

But the partners of Jas. Hennessy work hard, keeping an eye on their interests in the far corners of the world to which they fly regularly, from the placid haven of Cognac, building up strong foundations for an even greater third century.

GABOR DENES

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These days a car of very high performance (with the acceleration and top speed that just a few years ago were the preserve of the "racer") can be quite moderately priced. And the buyer can pass his L-test in the morning, and be at the wheel of a 100 m.p.h. car in the afternoon. Insurance it is true presents a few problems, but the motorist who shops around for quotations and is prepared to pay a highish premium can usually get what he wants.

Driving a fast car with vivid acceleration calls for experienced judgment and some

dently a growing demand. Many hundreds of people have used it, including heads of businesses that employ travelling salesmen, and service representatives now being given company cars of the new high performance type, and private motorists who, forsaking their family saloons, have decided to get with it in something possessing more kick.

The school cars are all fast, and there are two courses. One is the full High Performance Course, involving 15 hours of instruction (four sessions) and costs £55. The pupil goes out

Aston Martin. He will have the opportunity for a special £1 fee of going on a motor race circuit, either Brands Hatch or Mallory Park. This is not, however, intended to be a lesson in "dicing"; the circuit is treated as a public road for the purpose of the course, and cars circulate in both directions. The object is to teach drivers the practice of motor-ing fast in safety. Throughout the course the accent is on making full use of a car's available performance with complete safety. Overtaking, cornering and so forth all

his view to suit higher speeds. After completion of the basic course, additional periods of driving covering one or more special subjects are available on an hourly rate basis. These include night driving, and skidding practice on a specially built road at Brands Hatch. When he has passed the pupil may become a member of the exclusive High Performance Club.

The alternative course is a recently launched junior version, so to speak, of the H.P.C., known as the Gran Turismo (or GT for short) course. The cars



MOTORING

A Lotus Elan at speed on the Brand's Hatch track

degree of skill; things happen quickly at 100 m.p.h.—two cars approaching at that speed are closing at nearly 300 feet a second, and on a three-lane road, with other cars in the remaining two, there is little space to manoeuvre. The driver unaccustomed to this sort of performance needs to condition himself to it, and until comparatively recently there was no way for him to measure his skill and have any potentially dangerous shortcomings pointed out to him. In 1962, the British School of Motoring started its High Performance Course to fill what was evi-

with a highly specialized "co-driver" in a Jaguar E-type, a DB5 Aston Martin, or a car of similar calibre. Before enrolment the pupil undergoes a check test to ascertain if he will be up to handling such cars; this costs 30s., but is dispensed with in the case of members of the Institute of Advanced Motorists. Naturally, a driver with limited experience is required to work his way up to the really fast cars; he may start off on a Lotus Elan, say, and then progress through a Sunbeam Alpine and an Austin Healey 3000 before going on to the E-type or

receive their due share of attention and, if the pupil is in need of correction, the "co-driver" tells him, sometimes taking over and demonstrating himself.

One of the commonest faults is failure to focus the eyes sufficiently far ahead to plan a course of action commensurate with the speed of the car. Mr. John Miles, who supervises the instruction and is himself an ex-police driver, told me that a person switching to a fast car from the family type will have acquired the habit of keeping his vision on a 50 m.p.h. mark, and has to learn to lengthen

used are of the Ford Cortina GT, Saab, Mini-Cooper S, and MG B calibre. There are three 3-hour sessions; cost, 22 guineas. Coaching is given in the finer points of accelerating, braking, steering, gear-changing, cornering and so on, but to keep costs down the race circuit session has been eliminated. There is an optional period during which skid correction can be mastered and, as Miss Denise McCann, who is head of the B.S.M., says, "It gives the sort of coaching an amateur athlete who now wants to go in for athletics seriously would need."



I was miserable during time-of-the-month. Embarrassed. Unhappy. Uncomfortable. I knew also that I was missing out on good times, many activities.



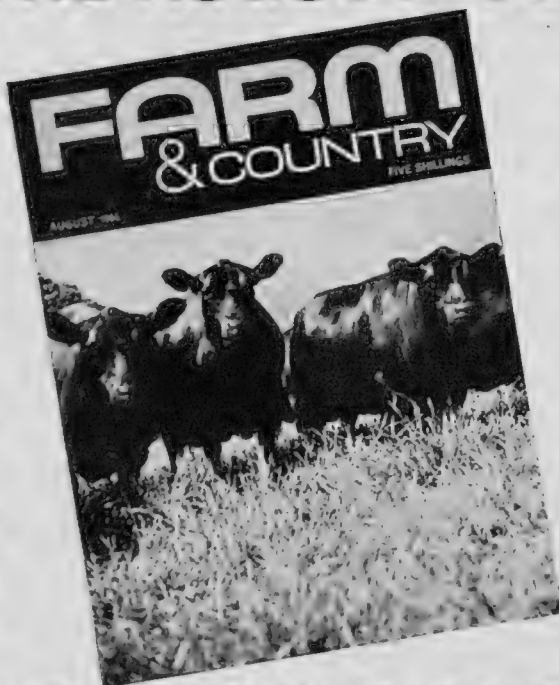
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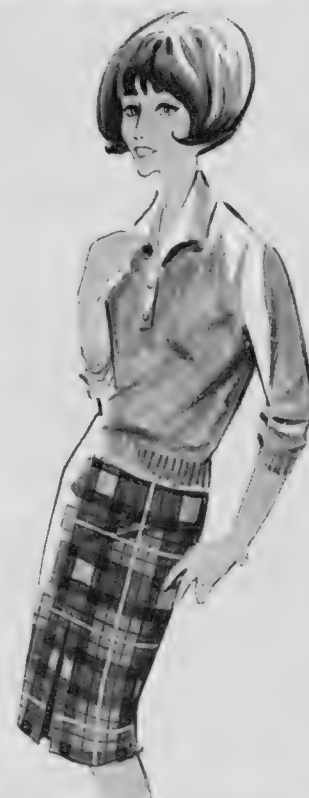
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ROSE GROWING



One of the most charming effects I have seen this summer was the display of Garnette roses at Chelsea, shown by Mr. C. Newberry of Knebworth, who has made a speciality of them. These roses (*above*) are compact in habit and make a welcome change from the endless number of floribundas. The blooms are of exquisite shape, not large but with a camellia-like character when fully opened. Moreover, they could hardly be more easy to cultivate, and the blooms, produced throughout the summer, will last up to a fortnight. Oddly enough, the English growers paid little attention to them when Garnette roses were introduced here in 1947 by the German grower Tantau.

However, the Americans showed more enthusiasm, with the result that these roses are now grown extensively for their long-lasting quality as a

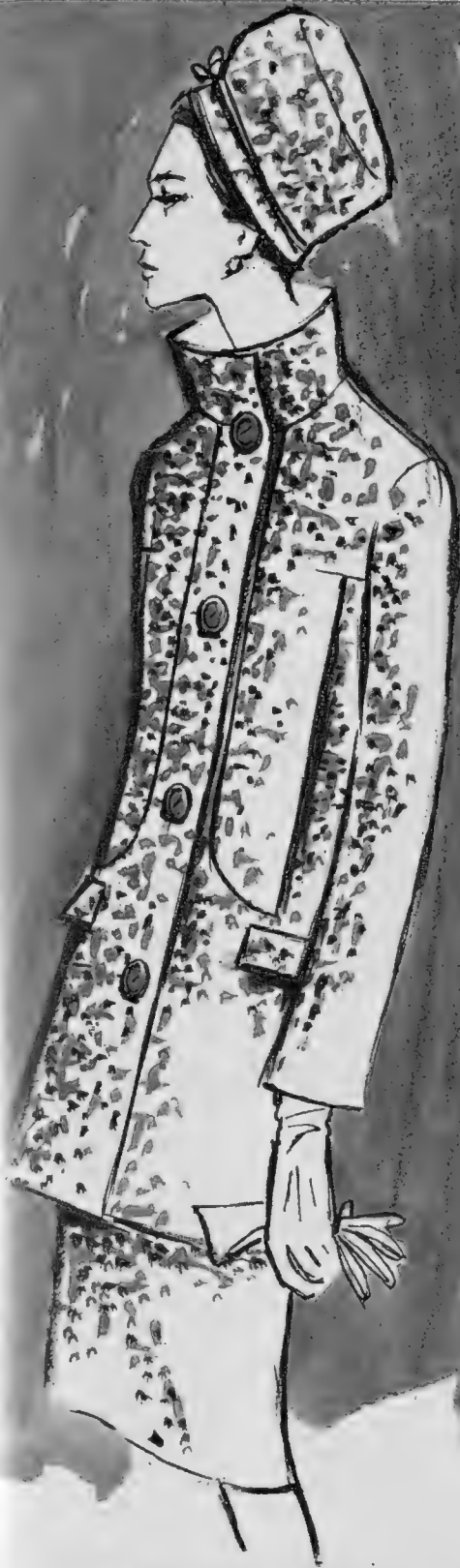
cut flower. This alone should appeal to readers who enjoy flower arranging and who therefore turn to their own gardens for the supply of material. Propagation has led to a number of sports from the original red. There is Carol, a choice pale pink; Rose, a cerise rose, and the red variety. Newer introductions include salmon pink and an apricot Yellow and white Garnette roses are also available, the white, I think, being especially delightful.

There is no complicated pruning to be attended to with these roses, and one can either let the shoots grow to form sprays, or disbud laterals in order to get a supply of single flowers for cutting from each stem. The bushes can be grown under glass or in the open. Come to think of it, no tycoon can afford to be without a Garnette rose in his garden.

WEDDING



McNair Scott—Pakenham: Valerie, daughter of Major Ronald & the Hon. Mrs. McNair Scott, of Huish House, Old Basing, Hampshire, was married to the Hon. Thomas Pakenham, son of the Earl & Countess of Longford of Bernhurst, Hurst Green, Sussex, at St. Mary of the Angels, Moorhouse Road, Bayswater.



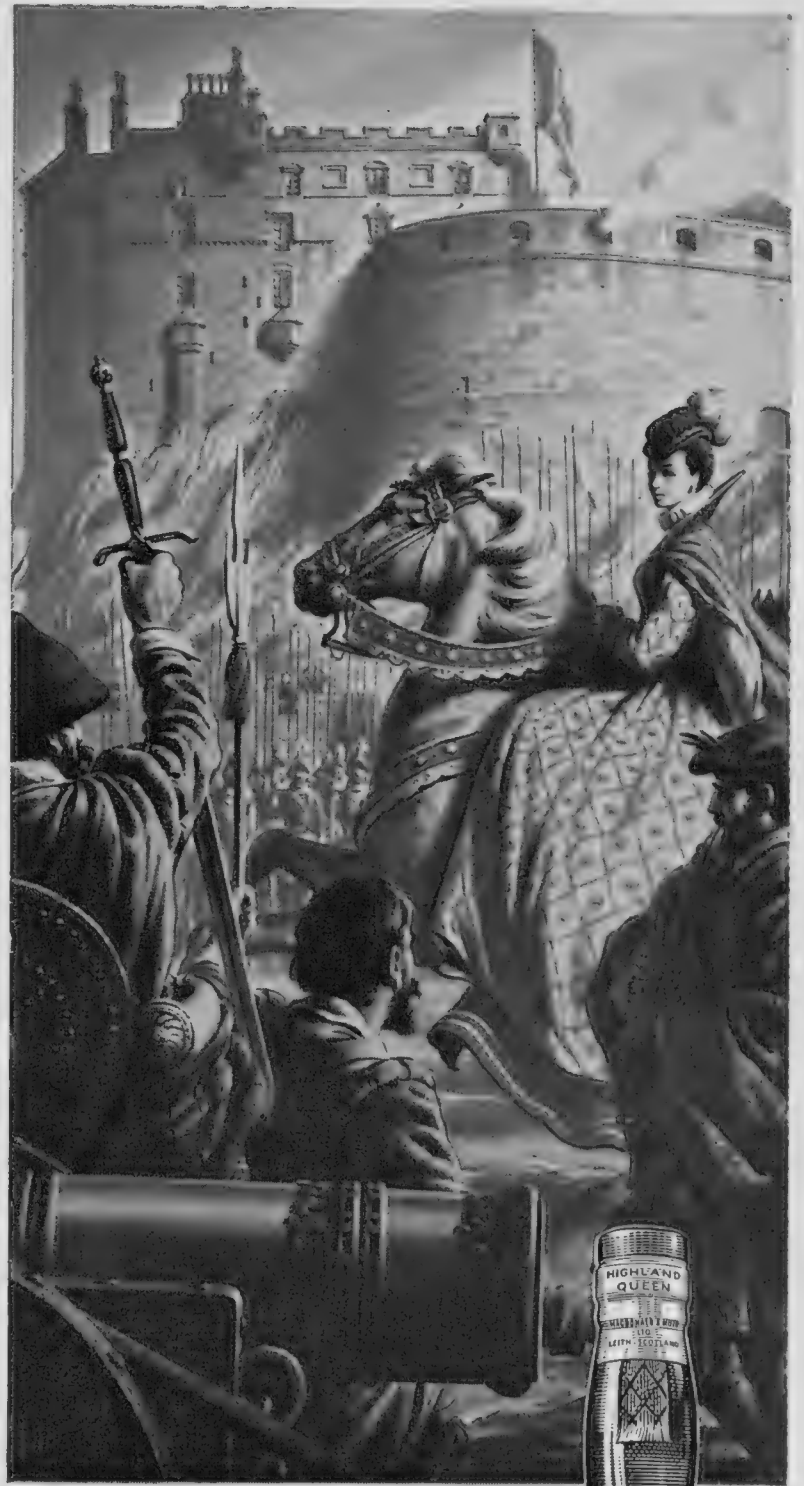
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ANTIQUES

I first became acquainted with the marble tops of the console tables some months ago, in the showrooms of Glaisher & Nash of London. I have referred to such tables in these columns already and at that time discussed their *raison d'être*, but this pair appeared so fascinating that it seemed worthwhile considering them, especially as their whole aspect, though perhaps bizarre and curious, is one of originality.

When I saw the tops, the gilt-wood and painted bases were in the hands of restorers; therefore on the second visit when I saw the complete tables I must admit they struck me quite forcibly. There is no doubt, however, that the serpentine shaped tops are the winning feature. Can it be assumed—and it certainly does seem possible—that the finely inlaid marble tops of Italian origin were acquired on a Grand Tour

to that country in the 18th century and brought back to this country, where the bases were made for them? Inlaid with every conceivable type of marble in a variety of colours, they are backed with slate and edged with a Sienna marble thumb moulding. The multi-coloured marble inlays are intersected with black and white lines giving a dramatic boldness to the design while in the centre of each top is a circular panel depicting in one instance a cockerel (*below right*), and in the other a hen, works of art in themselves.

These intriguing tops have been mounted on bases to form tables measuring 5 ft. in width, 2 ft. 7 ins. in depth and 3 ft. 3 ins. in height, the work having been carried out most probably at the turn of the 18th century. The bases (*below left*) in green and gold, have a frieze along which runs

a piastre moulding terminating in a central plaque, decorated with carved oak leaves and acorns. The finely carved eagle heads immediately catch the eye, forming as they do an integral part of the design for the front supports and these terminate in the leg of the bird with claw feet standing on rocks. The rear supports are much simpler and in the form of pilasters decorated with acanthus leaves.

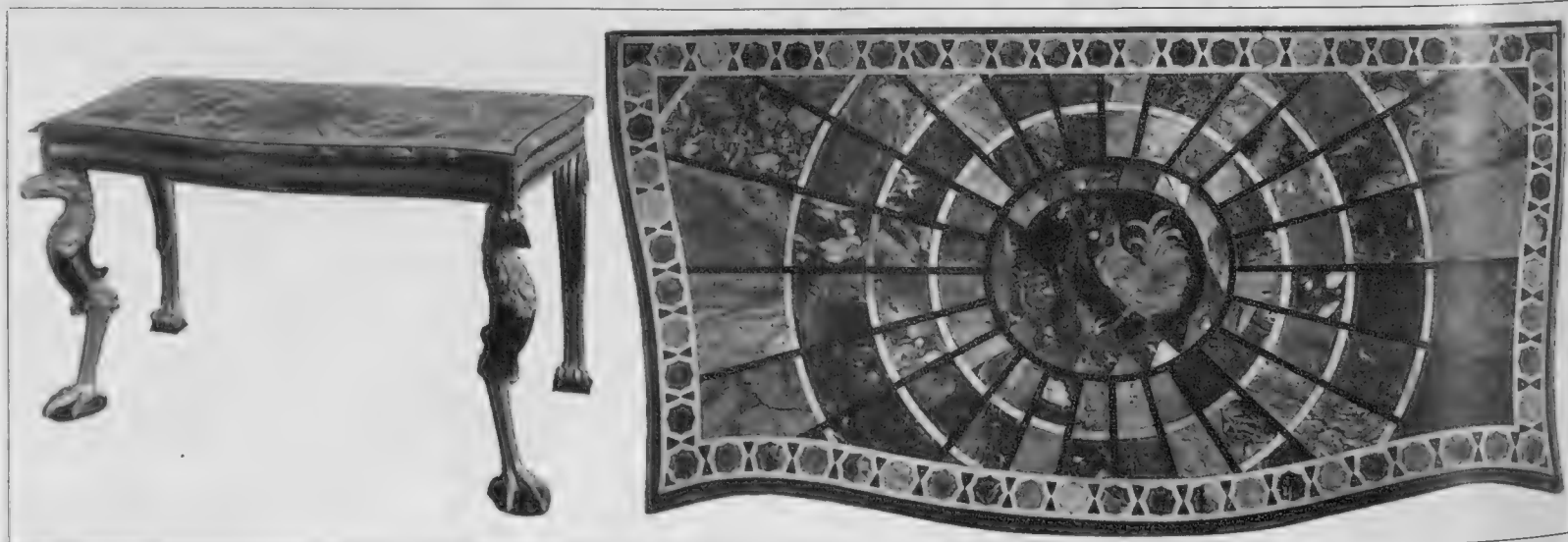
For Your Diary:

1. An exhibition *The Growth of London A.D. 43-1964* is being held at the Victoria & Albert Museum on the occasion of the 20th International Geographical Congress and continues until 30 August. This traces history through the 19 centuries of London's life from a Roman bridge-point to the "megapolis" of today. The exhibits include maps, views and oil paintings, among them three

fine pictures by Canaletto from private collections, and gold and silver plate lent by the Goldsmiths Company.

2. *The Mapping of Britain: 13th-19th centuries* in the King's Library of the British Museum until 30 August.

3. *An Exhibition of Hittite Art and the Antiquities of Anatolia* is on show by the Arts Council in the Diploma Galleries of the Royal Academy until 1 September. This is an exhibition which contains numerous recently excavated objects and is on loan from the Turkish National Museums. There are a number of additional loans for the London showing from the British Museum and the Ashmolean Museum. The period covered by the exhibition stretches from the 4th millennium B.C. to the 6th century B.C., and over three quarters of the material has been excavated during the last ten years.



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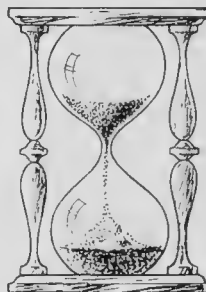
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PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Sun Printers Ltd., Watford and London, and published by Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., Ingram House, 13-15 John Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2. August 19, 1964. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y.
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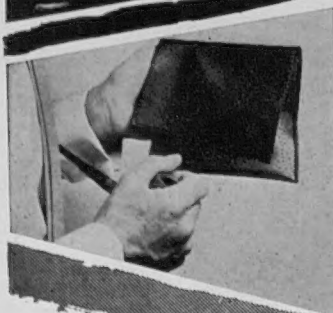
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Far left: Gloves by
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Left: Tie by
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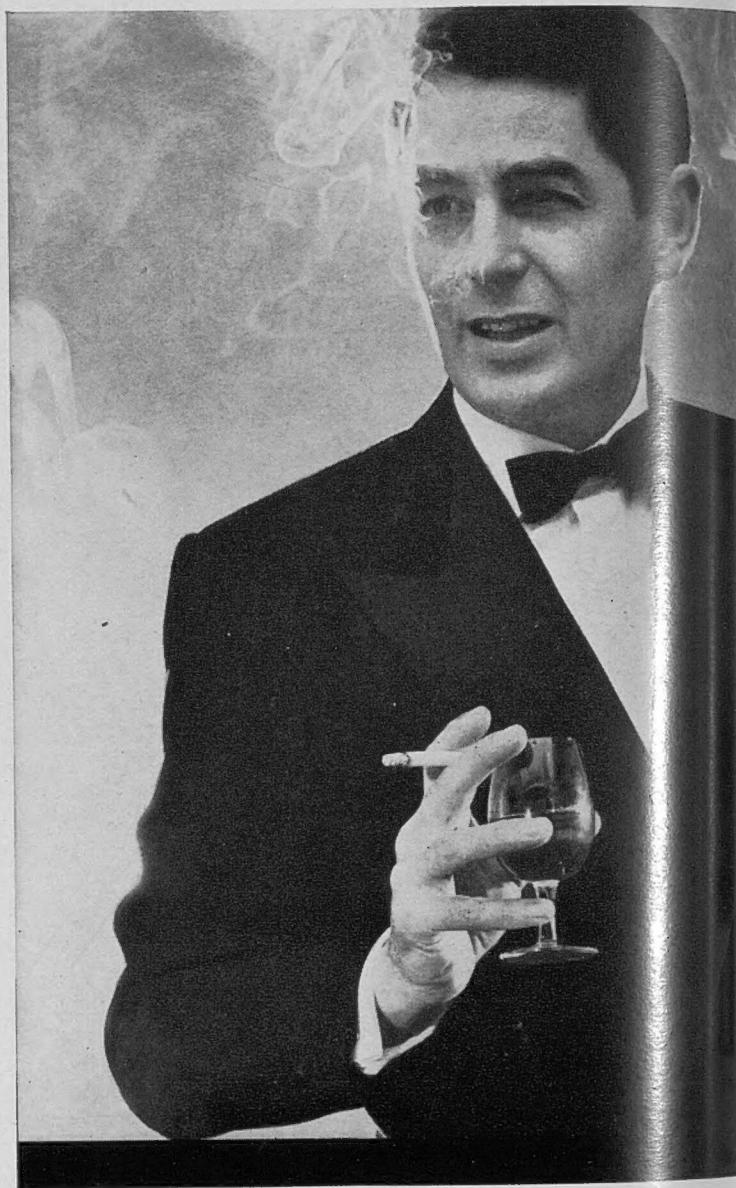
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